

The door was forced open, and, crouched in a corner of the room, was a woman shabbily dressed, moaning miserably.

She sobbed out a story of having lived in the room for three years and of having for fifteen years been the mistress of the man whose wife and daughter had trusted him implicitly.

She was arrested and is held on the technical charge of having taken \$3 from the lawyer's pocket, merely that she may be kept from the sight of the family until the body is laid away.

The funeral is being held today, in the little cemetery at Monticello. The services were private.

Miss Brance is of medium height and of handsome figure. Her hair is slightly streaked with gray, but her face is still youthful. Her voice is low and musical, and she talks with every evidence of culture.

"I knew Mr. Couch was married when I met him," she said. "I am sorry for Mrs. Couch, but I loved him, and that is all the excuse I can offer. And I am paying.

"Today she has the rights of a lawful widow. She may attend the funeral. She can have the last look at his face. But to me, though I was his wife before God, nothing remains but scorn.

"When I saw him dead in the chair, and I knew that it was all over, that the dream was dead and only the ashes of it were left, I thought I would die, too, but it takes so much to make people die, doesn't it? If it took less, I should die from the scorn and the hatred that is lavished on me now.

"I was a student at the Oswego Normal school when my health began to fail and physicians advised me to obtain outdoor employment. I began selling a publication gotten out by the Progressive Publishing Company of New York.

"I was just twenty-three then. That is young for a girl to be wise, don't you think. I wasn't wise. I met Mr. Couch on a trip to Monticello.

"Oh, it didn't begin right then. Like every other woman I tried to love without losing my self-respect. But loving is just a giving, a giving of all that one has. Love is just sacrificing, and a woman sacrifices all when she loves.

"It was three years ago that I started to live in this little room back of his office. He wanted me to be

close always, and then—well I could live there without it costing much to live.

"I don't look as though it were a liason for money, do I?" she asked. "I look like a beggar almost."

Her voice choked with tears and she covered her face.

"I have a half-brother named Charles," she said, in a whisper. "I am not going to tell his last name. My parents are dead and I am glad they are. They won't know what I came to, when they used to be so proud of me.

"I guess they are burying him now," she faltered. "Well, he is more lucky than I am. He doesn't know what the world is saying. He was never found out while he lived, though he used to be so terribly afraid that someone would discover it.

"But I am glad they never did—until he died. And I wish they never had until I died. The scorn they are hurling at me, and yet I only sinned in loving him."

Mrs. Couch and her 22-year-old daughter have remained in seclusion since Sunday.

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Workhouse Master—Come along—you've got to have a bath! Tramp—A bath? What, wiv water? Workhouse Master—Yes, of course! Tramp—Couldn't you manage it wiv one of them vacuum cleaners?